



With Chaos, There Comes Darkness



16 0 1

Chapter 1 by Caleb Painter

The small metal cylinder hums with life, and light shines from beneath the smeared and dusty glass. It was abandoned like everything else here, the owner having fled once The Chaos started. The Chaos. That's just one of its many names. It was officially called World War 5, and held the worst weapons ever created by man. Hydrogen bombs and missiles, chemicals and gunfire, nukes and disease. Those are but a few of the terrible components. This time the world couldn't pull itself back together, and those who survived were left terrified. They were reduced to savages, fighting over food and water, most of it contaminated by the radiation. Whoever the war didn't kill others did, survival the only motivation. The survivors joined into groups, I though, am a loner. Everyone fled to less populated regions, every one thinking anywhere was better than where they were.

I glance around the gloomy house, windows nailed shut, door locked and everything else just as how the owners left it. I pick up a book from a desk, and glance down at the author. "Charles Dickens". I can read, my dad taught me before he was taken away but at the moment, children like me learn less educated skills. Now, all you need to is how to survive. That might mean how to fire a gun, hunt, use a knife or just hide.

So far in my head I've made a list of what the world's ran out of, sort of a game to keep my occupied, and keep my mind off other matters... The list ranges from books to candy, toothbrushes to cars, airplanes to pillows and computers, you name it. Since I made a list of what the world is missing I also made a list of what it has in abundance. So far I have only one thing on that one. Deaths. After the war 98% of the population died, whether it be by sickness,

radiation or bombs. And, if you just look once at how the world is nowadays you realize something.

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Those who died are the lucky ones.

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